



Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

PRICE 10 CENTS

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

Yearly Subscription, \$1.00
Post Paid to all parts of the world

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor

Captain J. Wood, R.C.D.
Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q.

Assistant Editors:

Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Capt. M. H. A. Drury.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, L/Cpl. W. C. Mundell.

Advertising:

Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Lieut. C. C. Mann.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, L/Cpl. W. C. Mundell.

Sub-Staff

Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Q.M.S.I. H. E. Karcher, R.C.D.

Old Comrades Representative: Major E. A. Hethrington

Asst. Old Comrades Representatives: Mr. G. J. Simpkin.

Advertising rates on application. Contributions invited.

Cutting from other papers must bear the name of the paper from which they are taken.

Address all correspondence and make all cheques payable to "The Editor, The Goat," St. Johns, Que.

CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Frontispiece by E. G. Green	2	Gang Warfare in Chicago	8
Editorial	3	Locking the Tower Gates	9
Personal and Regimental	3	Soldiering	10
Lecture by Chief of General Staff	3	Two Men and A Boat	13
Bytown Bits	4	A Day with the Russian Cadets	15
Letters to the Editor	5	Wire Overhead	18
A Helping Hand	6	Bran Mash	20
Illustrated Reminiscences	6		

PEEPS AT POND FARM



EDITORIAL



"Christmas comes but once a year and when it comes it brings good cheer."

So goes the old school rhyme. That it will apply to all our readers is the sincere wish of all those connected with "The Goat."

The past year has been a successful one in every way. The Regiment has gone ahead, we have enjoyed a fair measure of success in our efforts at sports, both with other units and at the various horse shows and in camp.

A number of the old serving members are now "Old Comrades" having gone to pension and civil life during the year. Their places have been filled by others and the men who have joined us during the year are a bright, enthusiastic lot of chaps who will do well.

The Old Comrades' Association is going strong. Efforts are under way to strengthen the 'A' Squadron branch and by the early spring a reunion of the ex-members living in Eastern Canada may be an assured fact.

Primary steps were taken last spring in regard to a regimental

history being published. We are all looking for the report of the committee on that work. One thing that would help considerably is the assurance of all ranks, past and present that they will purchase a copy of this Regimental History if it is published. Such assurance sent to the Commanding Officer at Toronto will, no doubt, strengthen the efforts of those charged with his work.

L/Cpl. Mundell, Assistant Editor, is leaving the Regiment for further fields of advancement at the Royal Military College. Largely through his splendid efforts has the success enjoyed by The Goat for the last few years been assured. We wish him every possible success in his new sphere of work. His place is being filled by the renowned Tpr. "Paddy" Wells. If all concerned give him the same loyal support enjoyed by his predecessor, I am sure "The Goat" is being placed in capable hands.

Again, "The Goat" wishes all a Bright and Cheery Christmas and every joy and prosperity for the coming year.

Personal & Regimental

Ex-Tpr. A. F. Charlton, who recently took his discharge on the expiration of his engagement has enlisted in 'D' Coy. The R.C.R.

Ex-Tpr. R. H. Saunders (Tuxedo Kid) who also has left the service and is now somewhere in the Maritime Provinces, states he has great difficulty in having his cheque cashed. "Tony" says it's his own fault.

"The Goat" takes this opportunity of offering its congratulations to Capt. D. A. Grant, M.C., on his appointment to the rank of brevet Major.

A. J. Martin (late R.C.D.) as

usual paid several visits to the Canadian Team while they were at New York and was a frequent visitor to the Stables. He is always a welcome visitor.

It is with regret that we learn of the death of Mr. J. J. McDougall who was General Superintendent of the British Empire Steel Corporation's mines in Nova Scotia. Although he was in the prime of life, having attained the age of only 42 years, Mr. McDougall had already gained for himself, through ambition and effort, one of the highest positions within the control of his employers.

The officers of the R.C.D. will recall his great kindness and as-

sistance while at Sydney Mines and learn with deep regret the news of his passing away.

The St. Johns and District Football League gave their annual concert in the Barracks Theatre on Saturday night, December 14th. Mr. P. Bell of the Farnham team took the opportunity of presenting Cpl. Dawkes with the cups won by the Garrison Team during the past season.

While there was a fair attendance at the concert, it seemed a pity that a larger representation of the various teams was not present. The exhibitions given by those taking part were exceptionally good and deserved a much better reception.

1. Tpr. Walters—A promising tenor.

2. Jock Hammond—Very entertaining.

3. Bill Cunningham—A good song well sung.

4. Bert Tully—Most amusing.

5. Billy Barnett—Sold everything but his wares.

6. Q.M.S. Hill (Prof. Mogowski)—We're strong for your, Charlie.

7. Allan Murray—Always a pleasure, Allan.

8. Major Timmis, D.S.O.—Well received.

9. Mrs. Hill—Wonderful! Better than ever!

10. Paul Hebert—Beautifully sung.

11. Louis Boisvert—Quite a genius.

12. Q.M.S. Ellis, Al Fletcher and Q.M.S. Hill—Indeferently well.

13. Pte. Arthur Byron—A real artist.

14. Initiation of candidates into the Ancient Order of Calithumpians—Best of all.

With the explorers leaving no ice-floe unturned, it becomes increasingly difficult for us stay-at-homes to maintain the Santa Claus legend. In the presence of our highly literate nephew the other day, we made some furtive references to the North Pole and St. Nicholas. "It's very funny," he said, deprecatingly, "that David Putman has been up there and yet there's no mention of Santa Claus in his book!"

Mechanization.

Lecture by Chief of the General Staff, on Mechanization of the Army.

A most interesting and instructive illustrated lecture was given by Major-General A. G. McNaughton, C.M.G., D.S.O., at the Armouries of the Royal Highlanders of Canada in Montreal on the evening of the 10th December before a very large gathering of Officers and Instructional Cadre. General King, C.M.G., D.S.O., D.O.C., M.D., No. 4 was in the chair and introduced the Chief of Staff.

The lecture was divided into three parts; a general survey of the past history of mechanization and the future policy; lantern slides showing the development, and a long film showing the latest developments.

It was amazing the amount of information that was given by the lecturer in the two hours at his disposal. It has been a long while since the Officers of the Montreal Garrison have had such a treat. We are not permitted to publish the details of the development of the Mechanical Arm, such information is naturally of a confidential nature. In the first part of the lecture we were given the evolution of the tractor, mechanical transport and self-propelled arm carriers. All through, the tactical side of the situation was very clearly explained and the reasons both technical and commercial given for the changes made. The keynote of the development is the speeding up of the army with means that are procurable from the normal civilian supplies. Good horses suitable for the army are becoming more and more difficult to obtain, whilst the mechanical vehicles are for ever on the increase. All these modern weapons and vehicles are very costly, but they are essential in order the more easily, and with far fewer casualties, to attain the final victory, which as ever is achieved by the hand to hand fighting of the Cavalry and Infantry. They allow these arms to approach the enemy with much more rapidly and



Electricity Transforms the Home

LET US SHOW YOU HOW

Southern Canada Power Company Limited

For Evening Wear!

Ladies

Social engagements during the holidays will call for evening footwear.

Have you beautiful
Satin Shoes?
It is the real dress shoe.

See our windows this week, you will find them to suit all tastes.

Avoid the rush, come now, and make your choice for the HOLIDAYS. Do not wait until the last minute, as the choice will not be so extensive as today.

Georges St-Germain

250-252 Richelieu St.
Wholesale & Retail
(In front Imperial Theatre)
St. Johns.

Established in 1876 Tel 65
C. O. GERVAIS & FRERE
Dealers in Dry Goods Groceries,
Hardware, Glass, Oils, Paints
and Cement.
Wholesale and Retail.

Victoria Independent Store

J. I. BILODEAU, Prop.
**Grocer, Butcher,
Beer & Porter**

57 Richelieu St. St. Johns
Tel. 346-743.

with very much reduced casualties. That is the true reason for this development of the mechanical arm and the mechanical vehicles that will soon belong to the cavalry and infantry units. The lecturer said that he was sure that most of those who had gone through the war were not anxious to have another war, and that the best safeguard against future war was to be prepared for war.

Cavalrymen will learn that at present there is nothing that can replace the man on the horse and that for some time to come this is not likely to be found. Until such inventions have been made to replace the horse and rider the cavalryman was essential for close reconnaissance, searching and shock action and the various other duties delegated to him. But the arm had been made very much more mobile by having all its transport mechanized and the weight carried on the horse very much reduced. The in-

fantry had been made very much more mobile and would in future come into action in a fresh condition with its strength not reduced by heavy casualties sustained during the approach march.

The photographic lantern slides were most excellent; some were taken in Canada, the remainder in England. They showed every type of new tank, tractor, arm carrier and lorry as well as the latest types of guns and the method of transporting them. The cinematograph film, taken in England, was extremely instructive. It showed every conceivable type of modern mechanical vehicle and weapon on the move; it showed the mechanism of several of the last inventions and showed these vehicles negotiating almost impossible obstacles.

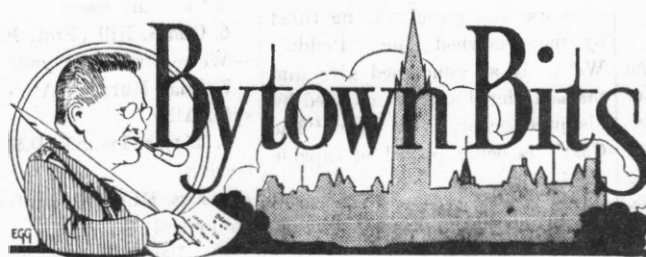
We would hope that the Chief of the General Staff could sometime give his lecture to the troops in these barracks.

quarters Rifle Association are at the miniature range every week for their practice. The Garrison Hockey league will function as soon as ice is available and several boxing bouts have already been staged under the auspices of the Boxing Commission. Badminton has its devotees and the Military Institute had its first luncheon of the season the other day.

New Year's Day:—It will soon be the time for that ancient ceremonial known as New Years calling to be observed. The Governor-General is away at present so that the levee will not be held. All the units of the garrison will however hold open house and will no doubt have the usual round of visitors to wish them all good things for the coming year. While it is not very well represented at the start of the visiting, towards the end of the day, the Tank Corps usually has a large representation.

A Christmas Pome:—If I was Santy Claus I'd go, to see that burg called To-ron-to, the place where they keep lots of R.C.D., to Stanley Barracks by a bus and raise a great big lot of fuss. To see my old pal called Douglas B., mayhap I might be called to drink with all the birds not in the clink, or maybe they would take me for a ride; if that was so why Stewart Bate, would never think to hesitate, or pass me off to spend the day with Clyde, Old Willy Aisthorpe tried and true, with Ackerman and Karcher too, would seek to try and put me out of biz; but Madden and McLean, no doubt would also try and fill me up with fix. But I don't think that I can go, to see that place called To-ron-to, so what's the use of writing this bum lay; I hope that all the R.C.D. drink lots of Sergeants Major Tea and have a real good time on Christmas Day; I wish them all the best of health, and lots of surplus kale and wealth and hope that they have lots of season's cheer. To H.Q. and to A. and B. the old old wish comes out from me, may all of you have lots of Christmas beer.

Captain Orlebar, the British speed demon, who recently flew in the wonderful new plane at the rate of 368 miles an hour, is said to be about the best croquet-player in England. We knew there was a wild streak in him somewhere.



Welcome Visitors:—I was glad to see Maurice Drury, Stew Bate, and Larry Hammond in town at the Winter Fair, where they annexed some of the coveted ribbons and silverware. The gracious figure of Maj. R. S. Timmis was not in evidence which caused a sad flutter of hearts in this locality.

Held Memorial:—A memorial service was held in St. Georges Church the latter part of November in honor of the late Lieut.-Col. Agar Adamson a war-time commander of the Princess Pat's Col. Adamson was well known in Ottawa having been born here and having lived most of his life prior to the war in the city. He died suddenly in London, Eng., the latter part of the past month.

At Regina:—Lieut.-Col. W. K. Walker, D.S.O., M.C., attended the convention of the B.E.S.L., at Regina recently.

Won Bate Cup:—For the third

time the Bate Cup, presented by Mr. H. Gerald Bate, was won by the team from the Royal Canadian Dragoons at the Ottawa Winter Fair. The cup thus becomes the property of the regiment and was presented to the team commander Captain M. H. A. Drury, by Mr. Bate at the conclusion of the event.

New Winter Caps:—The R.C.M. Police has blossomed out this season with new winter caps. They are of beaver and in the shape of a wedge. The regimental badge on the cap with the brass cap badge on the side of it look very smart.

Vacates Appointment:—Captain R. H. Rayner, R.C.S., has vacated the appointment of A.D.C., to His Excellency the Governor General and leaves very shortly for England.

Garrison Notes:—All units of the Garrison are well down to their winter work by now. Most of the time is taken up with lectures at different armouries and the Head-

Letters to the Editor.

2623 W. 30th Street
Los Angeles, Calif.
U.S.A.

Dear Colonel Bowie:

You will be surprised to hear from me after such a long time, but I am writing to ask you if you could get me an R.C.D. cap badge. You see we have organized a branch of the Canadian Legion known as Post No. 10 of the British Empire Service League. We have adopted the Scottish Balmoral with a red cloth shaped like a maple leaf on the left side of the cap. On Armistice day most of the boys wore their old Regimental Cap Badges. We had about 300 men on parade with a Scottish bagpipe band.

I have not met as yet any old R.C.D. men, but have met several old Stratheona and Fort Garry men, here.

How are things at St. Johns now? I suppose that most of the old boys have finished their time. I have been pretty busy at my work. I am a cement finisher working on residences around Hollywood and Beverley Hills. I guess the weather up there is pretty cold and that you are getting ready for ice hockey again. We have had a couple of hot days this month one 100 degrees and the other 96 degrees and so far it has not rained since the month of April.

I have been trying to get Toronto on my radio set, but expect that I don't stay up late enough. I get two or three Chicago stations, (Vancouver and also Havana, Cuba.)

I am now the father of two boys one seven and the other three and a half years old and we are also expecting a visit from the stork any minute.

Before I conclude I would like to be remembered to all my old friends at the Barracks also to Major and Mrs. Stethem.

Trusting this finds you and Mrs. Bowie in the best of health.

I remain,
Respectfully yours
H. COOKE.

46 Arthur St.,
Brantford, Ont.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Through the medium of "The Goat" I would like to express my sincerest wishes for the coming

season to yourself, officers and other ranks of the Regiment past and present.

I shall always remember the Christmas days I spent while serving with the R.C.D., both peace and war-time. Nearly every one of them has some outstanding feature which brings them back vividly to my mind. Those who were in 'B' Squadron before the war will remember my most envious job of satisfying the inner-man of them and looking after their welfare at Christmas. It was a most strenuous job for me as I had never cooked a bird (the feathered variety) before. But with the help of old Freddie Mathews (not Jack) and Mr. O'Keefe, I managed to overcome one of my most difficult problems much to the satisfaction of all the boys present.

Mention of the dinner on Christmas day 1914 at Pond Farm has already appeared in these columns so I won't dwell on that. The outstanding feature for me that day was the taking of my horse to—along with the late Billie Boyd and trying to procure some embrocation to relieve the pain from the sprained ankle of Mac Wardell. When I returned after four days' absence his pain was gone but mine was just commencing. Shall always remember what General Nelles said to me about embrocation.

Quite a lot will remember the Christmas day of 1917 spent at Monchy le Gashe (I believe that is how it is spelled) our resting home after the Cambria Show. The dinner hour was ordered for 6.30 p.m. much to the disgust of the troops, instead of the usual 1 p.m. Each Squadron had a plentiful supply of turkey and trimmings. They were procured by the officers at a big expense and much trouble. Through the lateness of the hour the dinner lost a lot of its charm and glory.

The boys through some mysterious channel had been getting plenty of the spirit that cheers. A remarkable thing was where the staff kept coming from in such a desolate region. I can see the two bottles of cognac that Capt. Kilkes gave me to be put in the sauce by our famous orator cook, Joe Cairns. The Captain came along just before dinner was served and tasted the sauce and passed a remark about how weak it was. "Yes, sir" said we, "a very poor quality of brandy, sir." He disappeared

and returned with another bottle. But this time he poured it in the sauce himself.

I am sure quite a lot will still remember the Christmas day spent in 1918 at Ivez Rumez. There was plenty of everything and owing to the dinner hour being at 1 p.m. all enjoyed themselves immensely. I think Paddy Jones and Pete Merrix will back my statement on that.

The outstanding events of the Christmas days at St. Johns was the visiting of the married quarters and the waiting on the men at dinner by the members of the Sergeants' Mess. The visiting of the married quarters (about fourteen in all) was quite a strenuous undertaking. They all had different brands and I had to sample the lot so as not to offend. Those of you who are acquainted with me know how I hate to offend anyone on that subject. Must say, however, that I enjoyed it all very much. We were all natural and genuine. I think at Christmas time and forgot about our petty fallacies.

One outstanding Christmas day was when the C.O. and officers were waiting for me to lead them into the Men's Mess. I had been on my rounds to the Married Quarters and was doing remarkably well with just 'Snaps' to go to. The Q.M. lived in the higher flat, stone steps leading up to it. Those steps must have been greased because I came down them on my ear and didn't wake up for two or three hours afterwards. **Hoppy knows!**

I wonder if a certain N.C.O. remember the Christmas day he mistook his gloves for the S.M.'s? Good luck, corporal.

There is a good deal more I could put down on paper but time and space doesn't permit my doing so. So wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Yours sincerely,
C. W. SMITH, (Charlie)

P.S. My comrades in the 10th Brant Dragoons, late of the R.C.D.'s viz: G. Huff, T. Harbour, G. Holmes, C. Holmes, C. Baker and C. Smith, Jr., send their best wishes to all.

C.S.

No 'Bones About It

C.—You're fat,
Terry—Well, in the best places they say one is stout.

C.—Well, in the best places you're fat.

The Ideal GIFT

GRUEN WATCHES

\$35 Wristlets we fully recommend

The impression is widespread that a Gruen Watch is necessarily expensive, yet here is one of several thoroughly reliable models in sturdy reinforced gold cases at only \$35.

Let us explain how Gruen obtains dependability with daintiness in this patented Cartouche movement.



J. P. Meunier

Jeweller and Optometrist,
Richelieu St., St. Johns, Que

J. L. Pinsonnault
PHOTOGRAPHER

Photo supplies,
Printing and developing
for amateurs.
76 Richelieu St. St. Johns

For a Military Hair Cut patronize

G. Cousineau,
Barber,
THE BARRACKS.

Finest Fresh Fruits.
Vegetables in Season.

Who'sale and Retail.

A. MATTE,

19 Market Square, ST. JOHNS
66 2nd Ave., IBERVILLE

The Goat is printed by E. R. Smith
Co., Limited, General Printers, St.
Johns, P.Q.

If it's an
ACCIDENT
send it to

General Auto Body Limited

3520 ST. LAWRENCE
MONTREAL.

B. Mignault

Plateau 6157*

Fish Oysters, Lobsters Scallops Etc.

Fruits and Vegetables

L. Soucy
27 Champlain St.
St. Johns, Tel. 512

YOUR MILITARY REQUIREMENTS We Have Them.

WE SPECIALIZE IN EVERY-
THING MILITARY
FOR EVERYBODY MILITARY

Send for list to the
Headquarters of everything
Military.

THE ALDERSHOT STORES
25 Wellington St.. Aldershot

Phone 228

P.O. Box 526

Pierre Trahan,
SAINT-JEAN, P.Q.

General Contractor
and

Complete line of goods
for the mason, etc.,

Philippe Mailloux
Milkman

Fresh Laid Eggs

41A Lougaveuil St.
St. Johns

Phone 296w. P.O. Box 233

"A Helping Hand."

J. Arthur Hunt.

(Dedicated to Sergeant R. Hider.)

A tall figure in cheap crushed hat, wrinkled, coarse clothing and drooped. Stranded in a large city. Wandered into Exhibition Park. Around him were fine Government buildings and Military Headquarters with motor vehicles scurrying back and forth.

A fine figure of a man in the uniform of a Cavalry unit stopped to speak, and the vagrant gave him a dull look. A chill mist was blowing from the lake. Through it all disappointment glued him to the hard bench, motionless, having no job, no money, no friends, no earthly chance of earning any.

The stalwart soldier, (Sgt. Hider) with his great coat buttoned close against the soul-dissolving moisture and every inch a man looked at the tall figure. There was something so arresting in the sight of him sitting on the bench alone, so heedless of the chilly mist beating down on him, that he planted himself down beside him. "What's the matter, chappie? What's happened to you? You look as if you lost your last friend."

His voice seemed so kind. He clung to it for awhile before answering.

"I never had no friends."

"Aw, say: Come on now; you don't mean that."

After an embracing conversation, the tall figure gave way; in a jumble of words told the story of his home life and his good learning in the old land and his ultimate flight to this big city—"an aw lookit me."

Taking great interest in his story, the Sergeant pointed to a

square of stone buildings at one end of the park. "That's where I work. Come in tomorrow and I'll get you a job."

"You don't mean it do you soldier?"

"Sure old-top. I know what it is to be without a nickle and not knowing anybody. But you'll forget it soon. The world aint all bad you know, chappie."

Both stood up. Chilled through and becoming dark, faced each other. "Here, old-top. Here's a five spot. Get cleaned up and some sleep, and I'll see you in the morning."

They parted. A gong boomed in the Cavalry square and the noise loosed his taut nerves. Half mad with joy, he stumbled toward the lake-wall into the light.

Next morning the stalwart cavalryman, returned to the Barracks to perform his daily routine, when into the guardroom he slouched. Here was the body of the man he befriended last night in the park.

"The little fool." His eyes opened incredulously and backed away.

An officer in charge watched the Sergeant's actions.

"You seem to recognize the man, do you know him?"

"No, sir. I have seen him some place, I guess."

"They brought him in early this morning. Drowned."

"Yes?"

"Yes. Funny thing; they brought him in all wet and laid him here, and what do you suppose he had clinked in his hand?"

"A Picture?"

"No: It was a counterfeit Five Dollar bill."

Copy Of Letter From A Scandinavian Merchant In Porto Rico To A Manufacturer Of Pumping Machinery.

Gentlemen,

i got the pump which I by from you but wyfor gods sake you doan send me no handle, i loose to me my customer wat the use a pump wen she doan have no handle sure i think yoy doan treat me write i wrote 16 days and my customer he holler for water like hell from the

pump you known he is hot summer now and the wind he no blow the pump. She got no handle sowat the hel I goan to do with it if doan send me no handle pretty quick i send her back and i goan order some pump from Myers Companie.

Goodbye,

Yours truly,

P.S.—Since i write i find the goddam handle in the box excuse to me.

Illustrated Reminiscence

By F. J. Dee.

I suppose that there is no profession that lends itself to reflection in the mirror of memory, as does that of bearing arms, and when any retired sailor or soldier begins to soliloquize by his own fireside, aided by the soothing influence of a pipe of his favourite tobacco, he is sure to evolve out of the smoke-wreaths, faces and their variety and themes, than could be envisaged by say a retired grocer or tailor engaged in the same pleasant occupation.

Should the ex-warrior be possessed of any pictorial souvenirs of his years of service, in the shape of photographs of various great hearted horses that he has ridden, groups of gallant comrades with whom he has soldiered or ladies—well, I mean any presentations of his past career that he can gaze upon, he is apt to become lost in thought as the years roll back, and it is precisely this effect that my well-worn volumes the now defunct (I regret to say) Navy and Army Illustrated have upon the writer of this article.

They contain pictures of any first Volunteer Battalion, the 2nd Somersets, many references and illustrations of my dear old Dad's Yeomanry regiment, the gallant West Somersets, and so many articles and pictures of Canadian regiments and officers and other ranks, that it struck me that an account of this latter feature would be of more than passing interest to the readers of "The Goat."

To begin with Volume 1 then, on page 270 I find a full page picture entitled "Officers of the Royal Canadian Infantry. I recognise clearly here three officers all now, alas, deceased. They are the late Gen. Sir. Wm. Otter, Col. Buchan who died whilst D.O.C. Montreal, and Colonel MacDougall. The letterpress beneath recounts the fact that at that time—date May 29th 1896—"the privates receive 1/8d a day, with full rations. On the next page the battalion is shown on parade in quarter column, Colonel Otter in command, mounted. Apparently, at this period the R.C.R.'s. did not possess the fine band that they did later.

Page 283 Vol. I shows a sub-division of "A" Field Battery, Royal Canadian Artillery, both in Summer Drill Order and Winter Drill Order, in the latter case with the gun on sleighs and the men in wedge caps. Mention is made of the fact that the sleighs were devised by Major C. W. Drury, R.C.A., then in command of the battery. Both pictures were taken at Tete du Pont Barracks, Kingston, Ont., Page 289 shows four gunners of the same battery equipped for winter service. They are wearing fur caps, not pushed down in the centre, mufflers and great coats, snow shoes slung on the back and knotted to the waistbelt. The front of the great coat is buttoned back behind the men, and they are, of course, in moccasins, with very long cords.

Page 313 of the same volume shows as a picture entitled "(Troopers of the Royal Canadian Dragoons (Hussars.) Yes, Hussars Mr. Editor, so don't cut that out please! All these men, none of whom I recognise are in wedge caps, also not pushed in, fur jackets and cross belts, breeches and boots and spurs, and all are wearing swords, but devil a one has a sword knot on. The central figure is mounted, and looks very self-conscious.

Volume II shows on page 295 a fine picture of the 48th Highlanders in all the glory of the old white jackets and kilts, and here I recognise Colonel Robertson, who I think after commanded the battalion, and Mr. Slatter, the Band master, whom I believe is now Lt. Slatters, Director of Music of what I always regarded as the finest military band in Canada.

Volume III has an article devoted to Aldershot Camp, Nova Scotia, showing a trooper of the 14th King's County, Canadian Hussars a regiment of whom I have some happy memories, an "Infantry Group from the Fredericton School." "Col. Irwin, D.A.A.G. and Staff" and a full page illustration entitled "Scene in a Hospital tent," where, apparently all the H.Q. Staff have gathered to watch their only casualty being bandaged by no less than three doctors.

Volume IV page 164 gives three spirited illustrations of "B" Field Battery, Royal Canadian Artillery at the Quebec Citadel and the

depth of snow shown here should give the Old Country gunner a good idea of what his Canadian confrere has to endure in the way of "Winter Sports."

The only article of note in Volume V is on page 358, where we have three illustrations of the MacLeod District Head Quarters of the Canadian North West Mounted Police. At this date—March 18th 1898, they had not of course been gazetted "Royal." In a group of the Officers is shown the late Gen. Sir Sam Steele, apparently ranking there as a Superintendent.

Volume VI is very rich in Canadian interest. On page 46 under the heading of "Our Colonial Forces, CANADA" we have a very fine article, and a splendid illustration showing Lord Aylmer, Maj. Evans, R.C.D., and Capt. MacDougall, R.C.R. On the next page there is a sentry of the Royal Canadian Dragoons in winter uniform, and he is wearing what looks like a very rough sheepskin coat, lighter coloured fur gauntlets, and felt top boots. I have always been undecided whether or not this is Maj. Steer, but this gentleman does not appear to have the vivacity that one always associates with the gallant Major.

Overleaf on page 48 there are three small pictures. One show a group of five officers, two of whom I recognise as the late Gen. Lessard and General Victor Williams. I expect the senior officer sitting in a chair would be Colonel Forester, and there is an M.O. standing next to him with a goodly crop of side whiskers. Date April 2nd, 1898. A group of the Sergeants outside the Mess are all unknown to me except one that looks like Sergt. McNeill, but as this is seven years before I "closed the bread wagon up Strachan Avenue" (this identification may be at fault) Below there is a ride on parade, in Review Order and the troop leader is undoubtedly my old friend "Blondy Skinner."

Page 94 has a not very flattering picture of a Troop Sergt.-Major of the Governor General's Body Guard in Review Order. His appearance is rather marred by a tunic that fits like a sack, and his cloak is badly rolled. A group of officers of this regiment mounted, present a really smart appearance whilst in the next page is a full length picture of a youthful but

Everything for WINTER SPORTS

Now is the time to select your

SKIS SKATES and CLOTHING

We have a very large and varied selection of everything for winter sports.

If you are out of town, just send us the size you wish and we shall send you goods that will please you at the price required.

Write for Price List.

Murray & Co. Inc.
1247 McGill College Ave.
Montreal.

very smart sergeant of the 14th Hussars, whom I fancy was in after years, Major Ryan of that regiment. A review of the 6th D. C.O. Hussars at Montreal makes a very creditable showing and beneath that is a picture entitled "Types of the Canadian Cavalry."

To my delight I discovered here on the right of a small party of different regiments, in "Review Order Dismounted" a splendid picture of Lieut. T. Leblond, smart as ever and evidently proud of his position on the right of the Militia representatives. I think Colonel Forester is the officer in charge here, and he is accompanied by a Sergt. Major of R.C.D.'s whom I fancy must be Sergt.-Major Dingley, a gentleman I never had the pleasure of meeting. Date April 16th, 1898.

Pages 142, 143, 144 show the Artillery Camp at Deseronto, Ont., a picture of Lt.-Col. Wilson, R.C.A. more guns on sleighs and Staff Sergeants and Sergts. of the 9th Toronto Field Battery.

The 3rd Montreal Field Battery in Review Order, wearing busbies and plumes and field artillery tunics make a very smart showing on page 190, and beneath this is



Tel. 557

Office hours—9 to 12 a.m.
1 to 5 p.m.

DR. ARM. GERVAIS, D.D.S.,
SURGEON DENTIST

92 Richelieu St.,

ST. JOHNS



P.O. Box 963

Tel. 785

Ivan Sabourin B.C.L
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law

182a Richelieu St. ST. JOHNS
(Langlois Bldg)

a group of sergeants of Halifax Artillery in winter dress, taken in a heavy snowstorm. A full page illustration of 4 n.c.o.'s. of the N.W. Mounted Police, is remarkable on account of the very short serges worn by the men. Square topped jack boots and spur chains, with very tight riding breeches go to

show that in '98 the Police were not unmindful of the advantages of a smart appearance. A champion boat racing team and two photographs of Sergt.-Major Kendall and Trumpeter Bishop, the latter wearing what looks like the Royal Humane Society's medal is evident that the old 3rd Montreal Field Battery was at that time a very smart and efficient outfit.—May 14th 1890. Page 238 shows two senior n.e.o.'s of the N.W. Mtd. Police in summer dress and a very good picture of the Officers of the Governor-General's Foot Guards in full dress, the ensemble of which would have been creditable to any battalion of H.M.S. Foot Guards. Two very smart representatives of the 65th Mount Royal Rifles, of Montreal occupy a full page, and overleaf we find three Sergeants of the 10th Royal Grenadiers of Toronto, (one of whom needed a lesson on the now forgotten art of wearing a "pill-box" and chin straps correctly.) and a small picture of a review of the G.G.F. Guards.

To be continued

Seeing Double

Judge—"What brought you here?"

Accused—"Two policemen."

Judge—"I don't mean that—drunk, I presume."

Accused—"Both of them."

MacDonald, McPherson & Co. Limited. MINING BROKERS.

R. B. McPherson—Member Standard Stock and Mining Exchange.

Toronto Office—26 King St. W.
(Tel. Elgin 6255-6-7.)

Montreal Office—(W. T. Fortye,
Mgr.) 222 Hospital St.
(Tel. MAR. 7785-6-7.)

If it's
Stationery
Get it at

H. BERNARD & FILS

52 Richelieu St. Johns Que.

The Why and Wherefore of Gang Warfare In Chicago.

By Major R. Nordheimer, M.C.

There has been so much publicity given to Chicago in recent years over the various shootings, hold-ups, etc., that it might be of interest to readers of "The Goat" to know the underlying reasons that govern these crimes. It would be unjust to Chicago as a city, not to lay stress on the fact that to the ordinary citizen, adventure of this nature seldom comes. I doubt if any city in the United States is safer for every day routine than Chicago, and while publicity has spread a wholesale dread among the inhabitants of rural towns contemplating a visit to the "Windy City" those of our readers who have any intention of paying a visit to Chicago, can rest assured that they will witness no more thrilling episodes than they see every day in Toronto, Montreal, or any other of the larger cities in the Dominion.

The purpose of this series of articles, is to divulge the underlying reasons that prompted the numerous ruthless slayings of police and gangsters, to enumerate the principle characters involved, and to lay bare the tremendous flow of money that pours daily into the pockets of those who carry on the transporting, manufacturing and bitter war against prohibition, by selling alcohol in its various forms.

Perhaps the most sensational figure in the booze running, gangster allied political ring, is 'Al' Capone, sometimes known as "Scarface Al". Few national figures are given as much publicity in the press and very few, if any, wield the power controlled by this vice lord. Capone came to Chicago in 1920 from the Five Point Gang of New York, primarily to protect the person of Big Jim Colosimo, then Chief of Chicago's vice. Capone was shrew, quiet and hard. He soon realized the undreamed of wealth that would accrue to those who could defeat the prohibition law by supplying unlimited booze. In company with another Five Point Gangster, Johnny Torrio, Capone went about building up an organization, which for efficiency and extent of territory, soon became second to none. The peculiar slant to the Volstead Act, in that it was

a federal measure, did not bind state or local authorities to enforce it and inconsequence, by adroit manipulation of crooked politicians and acquiescent police, beer vans were soon rumbling through the city and high-powered cars swept between Canada and Chicago. Money poured in as never before in crook history.

In the early days competition was slight and the life-and-death angle, which was to take such terrific toll later on, was not in evidence. The Capone-Torrio group did all the business they could handle and were not worrying over what little overflow escaped to other gangs less highly organized. The Capone-Torrio organization was soon doing as great a volume of business with as large a return as any single legitimate business in the city, and Chicago is a city of big business interests. As early as 1926 the Capone outfit was operating on a gross basis of seventy millions a year and was rapidly growing. It is not hard to figure out to what lengths an organization will go or how much money they are willing to spend in bribes, in order to protect an income of this size and it is not unreasonable to suppose that their income today runs over one hundred million dollars from Chicago alone. When it is considered that \$200 will buy the death of any unimportant person and \$1000 will purchase the demise of anyone, these figures have real significance.

With the vast influx of wealth, gang leaders lost little opportunity to make political alliances with crooked state and city politicians. Capone, the master mind, had installed cook ovens in nearly all the homes of the poorer Italians on the West and South Side, and operations were in full blast. Men who had garnered a meagre weekly wage of fifteen dollars for honest toil, were now deriving a steady income of anywhere from \$75 to \$100 per week, from the booze alcohol racket, and naturally looked upon "Meester Capone" as their saviour. When Capone visited the city hall to straighten out some affair in which his hired help had gotten

into he carried with him two or three hundred thousand Italian votes, and political leaders scurried to do his bidding.

As time wore on, other gangsters looked with envy at this "easy money" and it was soon evident that an intense rivalry was developing between the Capone-Torrio gang and the North Side Gang led by Dean O'Banion, a shrewd hard-boiled gangster whose operations at hi-jacking were already causing trouble. O'Banion had originally been a member of the Capone-Torrio crowd but had broken away and being on the "inside" of a prospective federal raid of a brewery, sold his interests to Capone a few days before the raid took place. From the moment O'Banion was a marked man. He had purchased a flower shop as a base for his booze operations and for days after the brewery raid, never left it. Across the street in an upper window a machine gun covered his door, while the North Side Gang had watchers on guard day and night. Nearly two months passed when Mike Merlo, head of the Sicilia Union, and a friend of O'Banion died. That night a man telephoned the flower shop, ordered a large wreath and promised to call for it the following day at two o'clock. At precisely that hour, three quietly dressed men entered the shop from an undertaker's automobile. O'Banion was busy with orders, and except for a coloured porter, was alone. The centre man of the three, reached out and shook O'Banion by the hand, held it firmly, while the other two riddled him.

The funeral of O'Banion was the most elaborate ever held in Chicago. The body lay "in state" for three days and thousands viewed it. There were twenty-six truck loads of flowers. Some individual pieces cost as much as \$5000.00. More than twenty thousand people packed the streets to view the funeral cortege. At a pointed suggestion from the authorities, guns were turned over to confederates who met the killers again, at Mt. Carmel Cemetery—outside of Chicago jurisdiction—and gave them back to their skilled owners.

The newspapers were filled with mawkish accounts of the funeral. Some quotations might be of interest. "Vying with the perfume was that of beautifully dressed women of gangland, wrapped in costly furs and supported slowly

down the aisles by excellently tailored gentlemen with steel-blue jaws and a furtive glance ever active." One of the "Sob-sisters" of the press spoke of the "graceful hands of the deceased, which could finger an automatic so effectively."

Immediately after the funeral Louis Alterie, a gang associate of O'Banion's, announced that he challenged the slayers to "shoot it out" at the corner of State and Madison Streets, in the heart of the city. This was the last straw for the mayor. "I am staggered by this state of affairs," said Mayor Dever. "Are we living by the code of the Dark Ages or is Chicago part of an American Commonwealth? There is no thought of the law or of the people who support the law."

If the mayor was astounded at the funeral of O'Banion, he was utterly amazed at the publication of the fact, that at a testimonial dinner to O'Banion two weeks prior to his death and at which a \$2000 diamond and ruby-set watch was presented, the Chief of Detectives of the Chicago Police Department and more than twenty of his highest executives were present.

TO ACCOUNT RENDERED

The authorities of an old church in Switzerland decided to make some repairs to its interior furnishings and employed an artist to touch up a large painting. When the artist presented his bill, the Committee refused to pay it unless the details were specified. The bill was itemized:

Francs

For correcting the Ten Commandments, embellishing Pontius Pilate, and putting new ribbons in his hat	3
Putting tail on rooster of St. Peter and mending his comb ..	4
Repluming and gilding left wing of Guardian Angel	6
Washing High Priest's servant Renewing Heaven, adjusting the stars and cleaning up the moon ..	7
Brightening up the flames of Hell, putting new tail on the Devil, mending his hoof, and doing several odd jobs for the damned ..	12
Touching up Purgatory and restoring lost souls	7
Mending the shirt of the Prodigal Son	3
	52

From "St. Martin's Review."

"I've had to ask you five times for that money you owe me!"

"Yeah?"—I hadda ask you eight times before you'd lend it to me!"

LOCKING THE TOWER GATES

The official records of the ceremony of The Keys have been lost in antiquity. These notes, however, are authentic. The ceremony of The Keys can be traced back to the reign of Edward III, when "John of London," the Yeoman porter, had the locking of the gates under escort. He had a varlet to carry the keys, and received a penny a day for the job.

There has been one deviation from the usual words of the ceremony. On the death of Queen Victoria, it was not known what name the King would take, so that words used that night were: "God preserve the King," instead of "God preserve King Edward."

The ceremony, which takes place every night at the Tower of London, is as follows:—The Chief Warder, with an escort from the Guard, proceeds to lock the gates. When he returns with the keys, the sentry at the Guard Room challenges:—

"Halt! Who comes there?"

Answer: "The Keys."

The Sentry: "Whose Keys?"

Answer: "King George's Keys."

The Chief Warder then places himself in front of the Guard. The Guard present arms.

The Chief Warder then says: "God preserve King George."

The whole Guard answer:—Amen!"

The keys are then carried by the Chief Warder to the King's House to be delivered into the charge of the officer of the Tower in command.

It may be of interest to note that the ceremony was performed on the stage in Shanghai by the 2nd Bn. Scots Guards on November 10, 1928.

All Excused

Herbert—"Would you marry an idiot for the sake of his money?"

Rose—"Oh, this is so sudden!"

"An Englishman and a Frenchman had to fight a duel...they were to fight in a dark room. The Englishman fired up the chimney, and, by Jove! he brought down the Frenchman! When I tell this story in Paris," observed Rogers, "I put the Englishman up the chimney."

Hints to Working Girls

When the boss's wife finds you on his lap, the correct thing to do is to change your position.

WALZEN PASTRY

- IT IS THE BEST - -

Sold by all Groceries in 98s., 49s., and 24s. bags.

SOLDIERING

By F. W. Powell.

Rains and its consequences.

Great excitement broke out in October '17, for a steady rumour had materialized and on the 6th day of the month at 8 o'clock in the morning we turned out in the pouring rain and at a sharp trot, set forth in the direction of Germany. How it did rain to be sure! In next to no time every one of us was soaked to the skin. Couple this with extreme cold and answer your own question of "were we happy." All day we tore madly along and halted for the night some 26 kilometres from dear, old, delightful "Wipers." The mokes were left in the open for the nights and attention they will much appreciate after coming straight from cushy billets. Most of the bi-peds managed to locate some sort of protection from the elements. The people seemed more friendly than when we were last in this God-forsaken region and with cheerful abandon did distribute (gratis) that stuff made of roasted barley which passed for coffee.

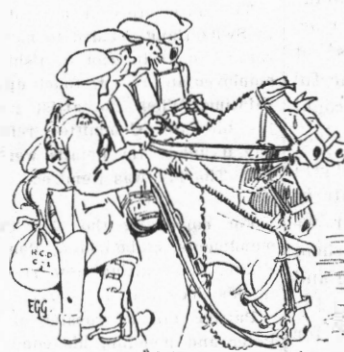
Because next day was the Sabbath the rain fell harder than ever so naturally we continued the journey. Still on the fly as if the devil was after us. Passed through Hazebrouck and Steenvorde in rapid succession and came to a full stop in a bare field not far distant from "Pop." There is not a shred of cover for either man or beast and the prospect is far from pleasing.

But a thin, thin wedge of brightness relieved the situation very considerably and here's the manner of it. As far as I recollect Major Timmis was in charge of the regiment that day. Mind you I am uncertain of this but am sure it was he alone who gave us the first laugh since starting out on this mouldy journey. In the first place his get-up was original to say the least. Even Laddie, that serious-minded moke of mine was seen to smile. He (the major) wore over a long British Warm a short slicker, which meant a display of sodden khaki dangling around his knees. On his head he sported one of those Balaclava atrocities, topped with his tin-hat. As he slithers over the mud to take a position where all who

would may hear, his passage stirs in our dulled hearts a desire to laugh. We remain mounted while he makes about as feeble a speech as one could ever hope to hear. After saying where we are and what we are there for, he says we are "standing to" and bids us make ourselves as "comfortable as possible under the circumstances."

Nice cheerful prospect to be sure and few there are who fail to make some audible remark concerning the mentality of those who made the "circumstances" necessary. The country is as bare as a baby's chin. Horses must be on lines, naturally. They, poor brutes are far worse off than we, for despite the grousing and the satirical remarks, deep down in our hearts we know full well it is all part of this war game. Standing on lines in such weather will go hard with the horses I'm afraid. To make matters absolutely hopeless, a mix-up occurs somewhere with the result that neither forage nor rations will be delivered until to-morrow. This is hell for the horses and you can be sure that every one of those brutal beasts, who, when necessity demands, gives his mount a hefty kick in a tender spot, did his damndest to procure something, somewhere, for his horse to eat that night.

Fortunately was not detailed for picket. Gawd knows how it happened but occasionally such good things fell my way. Immediately we were dismissed I wandered off to some warm-looking tents close by to see what there was to be picked up. The tents were densely populated with men of the Royal West Surreys, who, with open arms welcomed me to their midst. One chap in particular was most anxious for me to share his blankets for (as he said) "All my life I've wanted to sleep with a Cavalryman." Not quite understanding I gently but firmly refused the invitation. One never can be too careful, can one? These were about the most decent bunch of men I ever encountered Over-seas and that's saying much in a country filled to overflowing with good fellows. They got out from their blankets, made a fire, fried chip potatoes, made tea, produced bread, butter,



"We are standing to ---- make yourselves as comfortable as possible ---- under the circumstances."

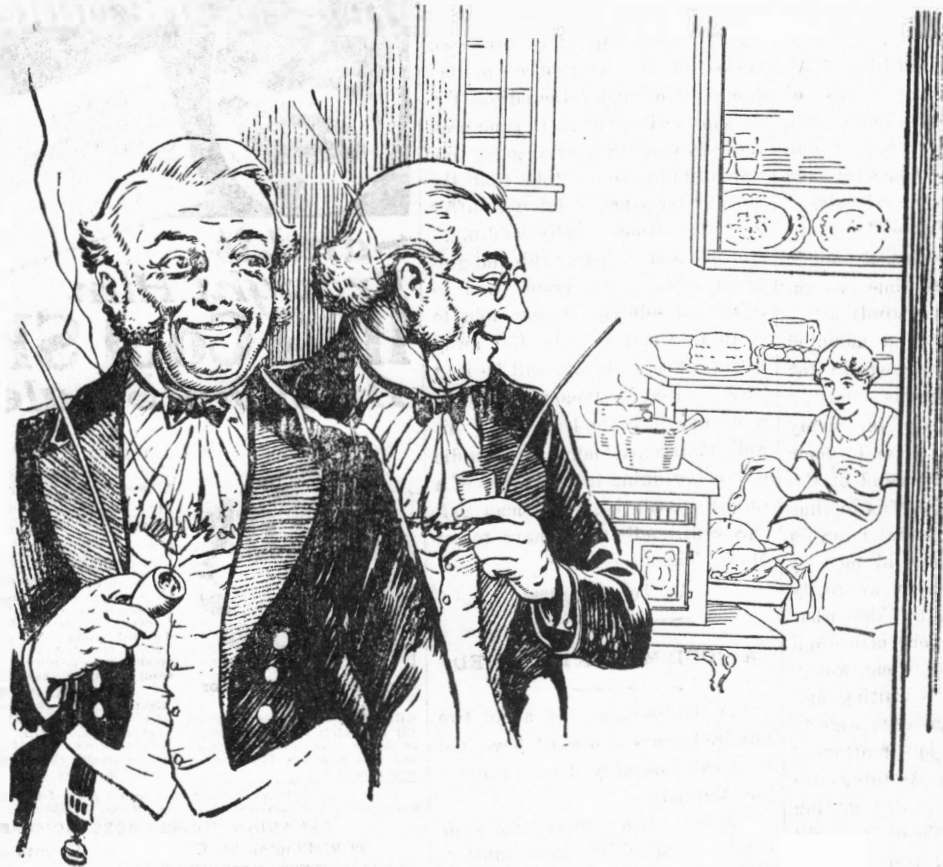
cheese and jam and bade me go to, a command I obeyed with alacrity. These chaps were about to pull off an attack. Were they down-hearted? More fun was had that night than I'd enjoyed for years so doesn't sound much like it, does it?

The rain was still coming down in torrents when we turned out for stables next morning and the horses were about as wretched looking a bunch of animals as one could hope to see in a lifetime. Did what we could to make 'em comfortable, but they seemed to have reached that don't-care-if-I-do-die condition and refused to be comforted. This damned rain will most probably mean another LeMesge period. Seems the gods do not love the Allies for whenever anything big is about to be accomplished down comes the rain to wash it out. A few chaps have returned from a survey of the line and state conditions are hopeless. The mud completely removes the possibility of Cavalry action. The finish we clearly see right there. Back down the lines we'll go to await better weather. Expressions such as this will, we hope, convince all and sundry of our anxiety to be where the battle is hottest; but I, for one, am not a bit keen to be galloping madly over rough country under these most unfavourable weather conditions. We make some attempt to appear war-like but the damned rain has taken the heart right out of us. Yet! the Infantry are sticking it. True, but did you ever stop to consider how many of them would say no to a cushy billet in any back area if opportunity presented itself? Very few, if any. Those infantry chaps always impress me immensely. They are so modest about everything. Daily are they doing the things we do about once a year. Nobody's fault. Just

circumstances. For all that if the foot-slogger did not really win the war then nobody did. Hats off to 'em. They are IT. Absolutely.

Continuously it rained for almost one whole week. Just as well in one way. Enemy airmen are very active around here and never fail to appear at the least break in the weather and when they come seem to do as they please. Those blasted bombs were the one outstanding worry of my life whilst on active service. They cause one to feel so futile and ineffectual. They are the things that put years on man's life. They are the things responsible for the thousands of "burned-out" men so much in the public eye at the present moment. Bombs demoralize more than any other weapon used in modern times. One quickly grows sort of accustomed to shell-fire. Emma Geo's are treated with proper and whole-hearted respect but can be borne with a certain fortitude, while any man, who, after a year or so pays much attention to casual rifle-fire can be safely considered flaming yellow. Bombs, however, are another matter. They are the thing to keep troops down to the ground in fear and trembling. "Familiarity breeds contempt" right enough but most surely bombs prove the exception to the rule. Must confess that as unpleasant as was a picquet in the rain, I'd rather be soaked to the skin than perambulate amongst restless horses on a bright moonlight night when Fritz was dropping his abominations amongst us. Enough of this or I'll have you all thinking I carried a perpetual wind-up. Me probably did but I flattered myself that none but myself knew it.

For a wonder reports are true. The continual rain has written 'finis' to the advance for the moment and we are to return to bil-



Now, good digestion wait on appetite
.... and a good dinner on both and
Old Chum to crown all three.

OLD CHUM

coarse cut for the pipe - fine cut for cigarettes



... with its rare quality, mildness and
fragrance ... rounds out every meal
and is a delight, morning, noon and
night.

SAVE THE
"POKER
HANDS"
FOR VALUABLE
PRESENTS.

Riz La Croix Cigarette Papers, the best in
the world, are packed free with Old
Chum Fine Cut.

"The TOBACCO of QUALITY"

ets. Secretly I rejoice at the news. Outwardly I scoff at H.Q. Staff. Weather such as this is fit for neither man nor beast so why the devil bear unnecessary hardships? Already the horses show signs of wear. A few more days in the open will most probably wreck 'em completely. We are sometimes referred to as the "Cease-fire Cavalry." True, no doubt but most unjust. We do what we are asked and do that little well. The time is coming when all men will apply a finer sounding name to the mounted fellows who did so much in the dark days of '18 towards stemming the appalling advance of the enemy who was much too close to their city for the peace of mind of Parisians. We'll come to this in time and my only hope is that I can do justice to those splendid men of horse. For the moment we really are "Cease-fire Cavalry" but what of it? Would not every man crouching up there in some water-soaked trench, just waiting and watching—would not each eagerly accept a cease-fire job if offered? Of course he would. As things are now it is the Cavalry getting all the "breaks." Their day will come, however and rest assured they will more than justify their existence.

We still are "Standing-to" and it amuses me greatly to find we have so many conscientious soldiers amongst us. So literally do they obey the law that rather than remove that nicely rolled cloak from their saddle (which makes an excellent blanket) they pass most miserable nights trying to keep warm. Always do I take a chance and so far have been ready to move just as soon as the wise virgins who were in a constant state of preparedness, even at the cost of bodily comfort. In books this may pass for good soldiering. Actually, on a cold October's night it becomes gross stupidity.

We recommenced our advance backwards on October 16th and put up for the night a few kilometres from St. Omer. Men were quartered in dirty old barns but horses were left in the open, poor beggars.

The following was a red-letter day in my military career for at an early hour was told to report to the Belgian Interpreter. This sounded most promising and gaily did I ride over to his quarters, envied by all the bunch. Reaching there I learned to my utmost dis-

gust I was to act in the capacity of groom to this gentleman. Ouch! that was a hot one. How are the mighty fallen. Me, the professed enemy of all dog-robbers to become one of them! Incredible. Orders are orders but there is no need those having the privilege of my acquaintance to be told that the Interpreter's horse did not suffer that day from "molly-coddling." Did my best to suffer this indignity in silence, but simply had to refuse absolutely when told to clean this man's boots. Got away with it, too. If lucky, will be sent back in disgrace tomorrow. In the meantime have to keep with his well-conditioned horse or Laddie who is beginning to show signs of a speedy dissolution. The man gallops continually. Will have to set Major Timmis on him.

To be continued.

A GOOD MEMORY NEEDED

The drill-sergeant of about two hundred years ago must have had a tolerable memory. How's this for the Manual:—

"March with you rest in your hand. Unshoulder your musket. Poise your musket. Take forth your your musket. Blow off your coil. Cock your match. Try your match. Guard, blow and open your pan. Present. Give fire. Dismount your musket. Uncock your match. Return your match. Clear your pan. Prime your pan. Shut your pan. Cast off your loose powder. Cast about your musket. Trail your rest. Open your charge. Charge your musket. Draw forth your scouring stick. Shorten your scouring stick. Return your scouring stick. Recover your musket. Draw out your match."

Long-Range Student

The Boxing Instructor (after first lesson)—"Now, have you any questions to ask?"

Beginner (dazed)—"Yes; how much is your correspondence course?"

The secret of success lies in embracing every opportunity of seeking high and right ends, and in never forgetting that golden rule of catechism "of doing your duty in that station of life to which it shall please God to call you."—Duke of Wellington.

Some ipsticks have been declared poisonous, but women always did love men who defied death.



He Mailed a Coupon Like This

Canadian Kriss-Kross Company, Dept. R.C.D., 10
39 Wellington St. E., Toronto 2, Ont.
Without obligating me, please send illustrated explanation of a 3-Way razor and your gift offer.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
Province _____
() Check here if interested in becoming representative

and it Brought Him 1129 Cool Shaves from One Single Blade!



SHARPENS ANY MAKE OF RAZOR BLADE
KRISS-KROSS works on practically any safety razor blade, single or double edge (except Durium) and puts new life into them a surprising way.

Find out about it to-day. Send the coupon above for details of free offer and illustrated explanation of KRISS-KROSS. No obligation. Mail it now!

CANADIAN KRISS-KROSS COMPANY
39 Wellington St. E. Toronto 2, Ont.

AGENTS! \$30 A DAY AND UP
KRISS-KROSS pays as high as \$30 a day and more to men who are willing to act as our representatives in their home localities. Spare-time workers often earn \$6-\$12 extra an evening.

Generous bonus and commissions—requires no capital to start—and is paying others as high as \$5,000-\$7,500 a year! Investigate now! Check bottom line of coupon above for details. Mail it to-day!

DO IT NOW

WONDER

BREAD

JAMES M. AIRD'S

AND

CAKES

The Bread with the flavour.

ANTHONY MOLE
HARDWARE MERCHANT
534 Queen Street, West
TORONTO
TELEPHONE—TRINITY 0333
PROMPT DELIVERY PRICES RIGHT

Two Men and a Boat.

F. W. POWELL.

(Continued.)

Because he was a skipper, Martin found it vitally important to muck about the boat while I prepared breakfast. With obvious interest tempered with awe the dozen or so inhabitants of this thriving village followed my movements, hoping, I suppose, by so doing to put me off my food. They appeared strangely unwilling to approach at close quarters, but viewed the proceedings afar. As I had neglected to shave since leaving Montreal it is possible that my appearance did occasion some degree of fear in their simple souls. Their aloofness met with my whole-hearted approval.

The careful reader will remember me speaking of apples gathered at L'Orignal, which the skipper with his customary thoughtfulness suggested be delightful in the form of apple-sauce. Because the necessary work connected with the manufacture of this delicacy was not much to my liking, I had dismissed from my mind such sordid and materialistic drudgery. The mind of the skipper alas is not so lofty. He says there is much to do about the boat and there'll be plenty of time for me to make the blasted stuff. This did I in a manner clearly indicating what I really thought of himself, his boat and his apple-sauce. Not that my manner was offensive, mark you. Just subtle disapproval that made itself manifest quietly, gentlemanly, but so absolute. Afraid it was wasted on this hard-boiled mariner. Although burned in spots and although the pot was ruined for life the finished product was pronounced good and we lived principally on apple-sauce for the rest of the trip, except in cases where we succeeded in bumming a meal from tender-hearted friends.

As was to be expected I had packed and was ready to move off hours before the boat was found fit for the final dash to Ottawa. Curbng with difficulty an urgent desire to continue the journey by bus, I lay calmly back to admire the scenery as soon as the bustle connected with pushing off had subsided. Had gone about three quarters of a knot only when the

discovery is made that we are running short of "gas." "Fine time to discover this," I chirrup cheerfully. However, I really was very glad of this enforced delay, for the performance of certain necessary and very personal functions when afloat in a vessel such as this becomes a serious problem. Landing amongst the thickbushes lining the bank, I satisfied a craving that had long oppressed me and walked up to the village very much relieved both in body and soul. Here once again my get-up interested the natives and my walk to the small shop for further supplies of fags was a sort of triumphal procession formed by very small children and numerous dogs with a sickening desire to tear pieces from my bare leggs. The attention we attract in these villages makes us feel rather important but I flatter myself in supposing that I succeeded always in carrying of such publicity with a sang froid that the skipper might find worthy of cultivating in his spare hours (if he has any.) Unfortunately they speak practically no English which opens up the harrowing possibility that they do not stand there admiring but to give us the merry ha-ha.

It was a blessing the man who came to the boat with a supply of "gas" spoke fairly good English. Had he been denied in his youth this inestimable privilege we would never have seen Ottawa. There were only two channels available but trust the navigator if you want to go wrong. One channel was navigable only and the skipper had intended using the other one which would have meant grounding if not a watery grave. However, why stress it? As usual, (when company was present) we moved off at the mad gallop which developed into a gentle trot as soon as we were out of sight of the envious villagers gathered to wish us God speed on our perilous journey. This peculiarity shows conclusively that we are all vain even this hitherto-thought-to-be-cold-blooded-driver-owner of the good ship "Tib." As long as his showing off gets us into no trouble I quite enjoy these brief bursts of speed.

Quietly we pass most delightful looking country. Water is still and

Alfred Beauchamp

127 St. James St.,

Meat Market

Fresh Vegetables in Season

Prompt Delivery.

Tel. 233.

Go to
REGNIER'S Drug Store

corner Richelieu and St. James Sts.

When You Need **DRUGS**
TOILET ARTICLES
POST CARDS, Etc.

reflects prettily the heavily wooded banks. We seem to be alone in all this beauty and I'm all primed to go into ecstasies over it but a sight of the skipper's grim, unsympathetic mug stifles the desire and I fill my pipe and shrug my shoulders in a manner that speaks volumes to any who understands this sort of language. After due consideration I think I am safe in saying he did not understand for he passes some earthy remark as to when we may hope to "strike" Ottawa. My mind is above such commonplace and I smoke on in dignified silence. This brings a rather queer look to the face of the skipper but my soul, steeped in the beauty of nature unadorned and all that sort

of tripe, permits it to pass without comment. Were I not uplifted on the wings of the morning, as it were, this look would mean a flow of language that would shatter completely this picture of earthly bliss.

What a blessing he had such an understanding side-kick with him on this trip!

Animosity is forgotten and we grow terrifically excited over some animal swimming just ahead of us. Its path is clearly defined by a row of air bubbles and we follow slowly in the hope that he'll come to the surface and let us see just what he is. Follow him around in circles all to no purpose. Seems he requires no further supplies of air so we kid ourselves it is a heavier

or an ox and continue our merry way.

We come suddenly into open water which is quite rough and simply teeming with dead-heads. With Ottawa almost within sight the skipper seems inclined to hurry more and I view with apprehension those blasted chunks of water-logged wood that can so easily smash the propellor and end the journey right there. Concealing the windiness felt I shave with hot water from the exhaust—at least that or some other essential to a well brought-up motor-boat—and am pleased immensely with the bronzed reflection that looks back at me from a small oval mirror that just won't stay "put" anywhere. Martin must shave also and I know how fervently he hates consigning the navigating end to me while he performs. That we did eventually get to Ottawa shows the folly of his timidity in this respect.

Numerous camps pitched in ideal locations indicate the approach to the Capital and I begin to sit up and take notice. We pass a very fine club-house on our right and the next thing we see is the ghostly-looking buildings of the people who are not connected, I be-

lieve, with the Christian Science Sect. Hull, Quebec, and booze! Three cheers and a tiger! Before passing under the bridge I note houses literally hanging on the face of the rocks and wonder if the occupants are not a little bit nervous about their slipping off some day. The falls, (Rideau, I believe,) show to much greater advantage from the river. Pass under the bridge just as the bells on the Victory Tower sweetly peal out four o'clock and all's well. Splendid to be lying idly taking this all in but I forget we've yet to get through the locks. We decide to eat before undertaking this tiresome task so tie up at a spot almost under the first gate. Don't much fancy the water but hope that boiling will kill all the objectionable matter that is visible. After a good substantial meal, if nothing else, we commence the journey through these wonderful locks. It is five o'clock—the time when the men eat—at least that's what they say—and they are distinctly annoyed over having to open up the many gates for such a vessel as the "Tib". Takes much more than their peevishness to upset me at this stage of the game. Once more am I detailed to stay in

to "send off" when the gates are opened. Frankly I don't like it. Know so little about the construction of locks. As heavy as the gates are they seem insufficient to keep back the big body of water and I grow green as I visualize just where they would pick me up if one of the gates did give way. The many interested spectators on the terrace of the Chateau make it necessary for me to look as though I've done nothing all my life but "send" boats through locks. Life is just like that. They look as though they'd like to be in the boat while I'd give anything to be up there looking down at the boat passing through.

Martin sticks up there on the bank hanging on to the rope and speaking quite calmly as though I were in no danger whatsoever. He will know better later. It took exactly one hour to get to the higher water and now I want the genial "By-towns Bits" man to let me know how many feet of a drop it is from one level to the other. The construction of those locks at the bottom of the Rideau Canal was a stupendous engineering feat and I do wish I knew enough about the subject to describe them fully. To a man who knows not a thing of

engineering they are marvellous; what then, are they to those who do understand?

An Order of King Henry VIII, for One Day's Provision for One of the Ladies of Honour of Catherine of Aragon.

We will and command you to allow daily from henceforth until our right dear and well beloved Lady Lucy, into her chamber, the diet and fare hereafter ensuinyng:

- 1.—Every morning at breakfast a sirloin of beef at our kitchen, one loaf at our pantry bar, and a gallon of ale at our buttery bar.
 - 2.—At dinner a piece of beef, a stroke of roast, and a reward at our said kitchen, and a gallon of ale at our buttery bar.
 - 3.—At afternoon a loaf of bread at our pantry bar and half a gallon of ale at our buttery bar.
 - 4.—At supper a mess of porage, a piece of mutton and a reward at our said kitchen, a loaf of bread and a gallon of ale.
 - 5.—After supper half a gallon of wine at our cellar bar.
 - 6.—At our Chaudrye bar in winter every night, one preket and 4 sizes of wax, with 8 candles and one torch.
- And at every time of our moving, one whole cart for the carriage of her stuff.

"We have a yellow wagon on every street--every morning."

MILK--that is Pure, Clean, Rich always.

CREAM--fresh from the finest farms in Ontario.

BUTTERMILK--a wonderful health drink.

BUTTER--churned fresh daily from Pure Sweet Cream.

"CERTIFIED MILK"--from our own herd of tuberculin-tested Holstein and Guernseys at City Dairy Farms, New Lowell.

ICE CREAM--Plain and fancy in bulk or bricks or individual servings.

City Dairy

Spadina Cres.,

Toronto.

A DAY WITH THE CADETS OF A RUSSIAN IMPERIAL CAVALRY REGIMENT.

By Capt. Boris Tchitcherin

(Reprinted with permission of The Legionary and the author.)

Part II

As we passed by the awning, with "eyes right" and stiffly at attention, I could see the well-known figure of Major-General Count Keller; a courageous soldier, popular with the men, he was by his talent destined for a brilliant career. Little could I imagine then that only seven years later he would meet his death at the hands of a blood-thirsty crowd of bolsheviks, after escaping all the dangers of the Great War, during which he was an example of bravery to his subordinates.

The ceremony was over. On my way home I could see the officers

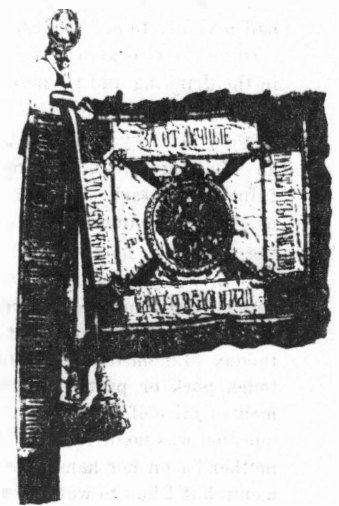
the mess for the official

shoulders we were soon walking along the dusty two mile trail that led to the Eagle Canyon. 'Eagle' was a misnomer; the canyon was the nesting-place of a flock of vultures, that had been mistaken for eagles by the first settlers, but the name had stuck. We found much more fun in trying to land these hideous birds than practicing at targets on the rifle range.

The entrance to the canyon was a cleft barely twenty feet wide, with a mammoth boulder blocking the way; it was quite an acrobatic achievement to climb over its smooth and slippery surface. Beyond the boulder, the cleft gradually widened into a deep gorge, with sheer rocks towering on both sides, four hundred feet high. The valley was heavily timbered and in uneven terraces. In the distance, were vistas of snow-subterranean torrents surging and into the open air, the gorge, rumbled where deep forests. We searched for vultures. Here heads, below

little rocky ledges, could be seen the white streaks of droppings, where these birds had their customary resting places, but they themselves were gone probably to feast on some new carrion, a dead steer or sheep, left in the wake of the nomadic Tushins, who passed occasionally with their tents and herds through the district, ever in search for new pastures. A rustle in the undergrowth made me crouch down to get a better view ahead; a doe, followed by her young one was scampering away from me, leaping gracefully over rocks and fallen timber. I watched her until she disappeared. Doe were always out of season, and the creature was safe not knowing it, poor thing! Some distance further we heard, over our heads, a peculiar growl; it was not that of a bear, which were quite common, or of a dog. We looked up; silhouetted against the sky, among the crags above us, we spotted the dark form of a hyena, the most repulsive creature on earth, I always thought. Bruno threw up his Mauser just as the animal swung round with a swish of its tail and leaped out of sight. A little cloud of dust, where the bullet hit the rock, was the only result achieved.

Sunset was on us and the snow-peaks on the far side of the Alaskan valley were already assuming a rosy hue. In the depths of the gorge it was twilight and after a hot day it began to feel damp and al-



Standard of the 16th Dragoons

(Courtesy of the Legionary)

most chilly. We hurried home. Lights were on, as we approached our house, and a babel of voices greeted us as we entered. Ten or twelve of the younger officers had invited themselves to supper. Mishka was putting an extra leaf into the dining-room table. He knew his work and so did old David. Not that it would have mattered; our guests had already imbibed freely, as our sideboard, on which a three gallon jug of wine always full to the brim for the thirsty, testified with an array of empty and half-full glasses. We joined whole heartedly in the libation. Presiding at the head of the table, when supper was served, or to use a Georgian



A favorite
in every
regimental
mess!

EQUAL

OLD ST
fully m



STANDARD OF STRENGTH

as and some Cossacks at Balta Station near the Front, during the group is the late Tsar with the Crown Prince to his left.

(Courtesy of the Legionary)

term—being the "tulumbash." I had not only to act as host, but according to Georgian custom, lead in the drinking and propose all the toasts, which had to have variety in their delivery. The task was not an easy one, requiring resourcefulness and tact. My right hand neighbour, Lieutenant Dubar, was the son of a mountain chieftain, who in his young days had taken active part in raids conducted against the Russians. Being an orthodox Mahomedan, he could not touch pork or partake of the fermented juice of the grape; the food question was no difficulty to me, as neither bacon nor ham were on the menu, but I had to watch that wine was not poured by mistake into his glass. Fortunately my guest stuck only to the letter of the Koran; the holy book made no mention of the fermented product of grain, the Prophet having had no knowledge of its existence. So Dubar had a liqueur glass and a quart of vodka placed in front of him. He sipped it complacently without diluting it, even after dessert. The law of Allah was observed and his conscience satisfied without being a spoil sport. The liquor had the same glorious effect, and child of nature that he was, he enjoyed the kick he got tremendously.

It was always interesting to watch these officers of alien races, coming from such different environments, adapting themselves to the requirements of Russian military life. It also filled me with admiration for the policy of the Imperial Government, so often unjustly maligned. Old Russia may have been naive and crude in some of her methods, but she was really democratic and far-sighted in the treatment she meted out to the natives of her Asiatic possessions. Considering human nature as it is, there have been some notorious scandals—the Kolymek levy of taxes on "dead souls" in Siberia, for example which the government agent Buturlin laid bare a few years before the Great War. But they were righted whenever they came to light.

Imperial Russia did not persecute the Moslems or any other subject race or religion, or stop the activity of their missionaries. She did not tell the Yakut, the Tartar or the Georgian that he was an inferior animal, who must be shouldered aside into a special reservation, while the white man takes

possession of his land. Mosque and Orthodox Russian Church, Buddhist lamasery and pagan witch-doctor. Flourished on a level footing. Where there was a religious row, it was a squabble between various sects of Christians. The Russian colonist did not call his native neighbour a nigger or its equivalent. He did not consider that he lost cast by fraternising with him. It was instructive to mingle with the people around the market booths and watch for the inevitable difficulties and misunderstandings due to a mutual ignorance of language. No! the Tartar, the Georgian and the Russian did not curse each other. They chatted amiably and somehow or other the difficulty got straightened out. No distinction existed in the eye of the law between native and Russian. All paid similar taxes, and native villages elected their own officials and managed their local affairs after their own desires. The sons of notables and chieftains were given scholarships and free tuition in the military colleges, whence they received commissions on par with their Russian colleagues. When they appeared in their homes in the full glory of their rank and uniforms, they were the object of pride of their relatives and friends, who had a tangible proof that the "Ak Padishah," or White Ruler, as the Tsar was commonly called by his oriental subjects, made no discrimination between race and creed. The loyalty shown by the various subject territories to Russia's cause in the great war and the fact that latter during the revolution, when there was no central power to hold it together, the vast empire did not fall to pieces, were proof that administration was based on a sound foundation and bore fruit that the present Soviet government is taking advantage of.

Our convivial gathering lasted far into the night. When I saw that Dudar's bottle was empty I placed it at the end of the room against the wall on the back of the oriental divan that stood there. "No gentlemen, who is the best shot? I invited them. Revolvers and automatic pistols were produced, and without rising from their chairs our guests tried their skill. The bottle was finally hit and smashed into bits, the wall showing a more bullet marks, that adorned the whole room, including the ceiling.

Pure Food Products

SINCE 1885

"SUPREME" BUTTER & CHEESE

have had that delicious flavour you associate only with Pure Food Products.

"Chanteclerc" Eggs
are guaranteed Strictly Fresh.

Z. LIMOGES & CIE., LIMITEE,

22-28 William St., Montreal.

Marquette 1341

Marquette 1431

Banking Service For All

Throughout Canada the Bank of Montreal numbers among its customers representatives of all classes. While its service is able to care for the banking needs of the largest accounts, the Bank of Montreal values equally the business of the smallest customers, and provides for

BANK (drop it is her. The Over 60 ks at the Canal was ng feat and

The last item in the program had been not a thing of guests took leave.

tain steps, exercise whom I found cap, boots and out on my brried him w him, to the room, proposition and p will be commen

ntario.

ink.

by ire Sweet Cream.

own herd of tuberculin-tested Holstein is, New Lowell.

bulk or bricks or individual servings.

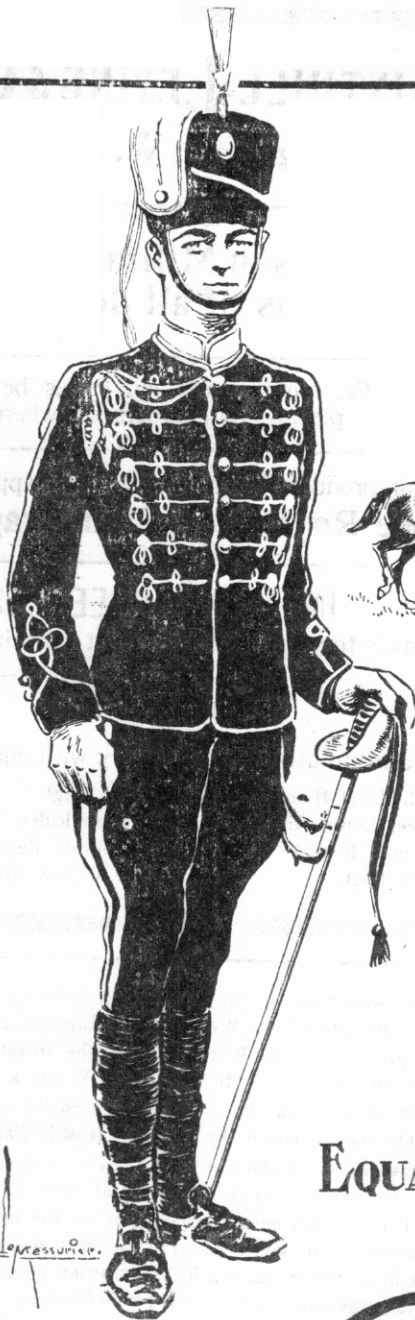
Dairy

Toronto.

POPULAR CANADIAN REGIMENTS



17th DUKE of YORK'S
ROYAL CANADIAN
HUSSARS



EQUALLY POPULAR

A favorite
in every
regimental
mess!

Dow

Old Stock Ale
fully matured



STANDARD OF STRENGTH AND QUALITY!

WIRE OVERHEAD.

By Will R. Bird.

Courtesy of The Legionary

They used to say, in the 25th Battalion, that "Nervous" Johnson had the greatest imagination on the Western front. Given a dark night and a slight wind and he could make the noise of rustling dead grass the whispers of a Heinie patrol. Put up a flare and he could build whole platoons out of weed tops and shape old stakes into German officers. Most any new man, and plenty of old hands, could do this, but none so vividly as Johnson, for he would tell the color of the officer's eyes or how many of the platoon were bowlegged. One misty morning he looked over the top and actually saw a German senttling to cover. The platoon was in the Lens area, where old wire and trenches and wrecked buildings made the landscape fit for any war picture, and straightway he made out a Hun working party busy with the construction of a Minniewefer emplacement. The sergeant hopped up a minute later and stared himself cross-eyed and couldn't see anything but a small, broken-topped bush and a wrecked French cart. Johnson stuck to his story, however, and described things so vividly that the officer heard of it and had him go down to company headquarters and tell his story.

It didn't take the company commander long to find flaws in his fiction, but Johnson's command of detail made a lasting impression on Sergeant Buck. Buck did most of the scouting for his company and led all patrols. He loved the work and could crawl over and among old craters and brick heaps without losing his sense of direction in a way that made his fellows declare he must be a full-blooded Indian. He had courage galore, was a good shot, enjoyed his work, but had one failing—he could not make good reports!

When he came in from a patrol that had simply thrilled with adventure he would get his pad and scribble: "Patrol of four men and Sergeant Buck from Piccadilly Post at Cow Trench into No man's Land at 11 p.m. Advanced forty yards. Saw enemy sap. Heard Germans working. Was out two hours. No enemy patrols."

Major Squibbs, the company commander, would read this epistle to the Romans and shout for the sergeant. "Why the hell don't you use your lead pencil more?" he would snort. "How did you advance forty yards? Walk? Crawl? Run? Swim? Where was this sap you found? Were the Huns in it? Was it a new one? What—where—blast it, man, wake up. Go write out a report of everything, something I can understand.

And Sergeant Buck would spend the rest of the time till stand-to, sucking a stubby lead pencil and sighing, now and then making a jumbled disjointed statement.

"Johnson," said Buck, after the interview at headquarters, "from now on you're a company scout. You don't do any gas guard or day sentry, and to-night you'll go out with me to a big shell hole on the right. We're going to try and locate a Heinie machine gun post and"

"But, sergeant," pleaded Johnson. "I'm—I'm not a scout, I—I—"

"Who said you was?" Buck demanded. "You're just to be a reporter. I can't make these blasted reports to suit the major, and you are just the kid for that stuff. Now go pound your ear till I come for you."

That night the sergeant and Johnson established themselves in the mentioned shell hole. It was about ten yards from the German wire and the sector was fairly quiet, but Buck had such difficulty in leading, driving and pushing his recruit to the hole that he was tempted to boot him back to trench duties. They lay in their hiding till two o'clock in the morning and then crawled in. Buck showed Johnson a report blank as soon as the fellow had stopped shaking and got control of himself.

"Now fill this in. Put in everything," Buck said, "and bring it to me when you're finished."

The sergeant had hardly reached his own bunk and pitched his steel hat in a corner before Johnson was with him. Buck swore, then checked his language. The report was filled with fine writing. Getting close to the candle he read:

SAINTHILL-LEVINE & Co. Ltd.

126 Wellington St. W. TORONTO

Specialists in Military Tailoring Uniforms of all descriptions.

See our Samples and Prices before
placing your orders elsewhere.

Our products have been recently approved by
The Royal Canadian Dragoons.

INDIVIDUAL BREECHES

made to your measurement at quantity prices.

Partial List of Units

Recently outfitted successfully with our uniforms :

13th Royal Hamilton Regt.	Elgin Regt.
Queen's Own Rifles.	Halton Rifles.
Toronto Regt.	Wentworth Regt.
York Regt.	3rd Machine Gun Battalion.

"Patrol consisting of Sergeant Buck and Private Oliver Wendell Johnson proceeded from Birmingham Post on Cow Trench to shell crater six yards from the enemy trench. The patrol passed through barricade wire, moved along trench frontage for seven yards, then twelve yards towards enemy, after which proceeded on south-easterly direction until crater was reached. The crater was nine feet in circumference and only a few inches in depth. It was in a foul condition.

"Enemy Trench. Hostile parties seemed continually on the move in the enemy trench. At least two companies of soldiers were there on sentry duty. Flare-light firers established at ten-yard intervals. Germans are of a large stature and believed to be special unit of Prussians Guards.

"Condition of Enemy Trench. Strongly wired, strongly constructed, strongly manned.

"Work on Enemy Trench. Several working parties at different points. Sounds of shovelling, of hammering, and sawing. Would estimate that a battery emplace-

ment is being constructed for use in a surprise attack. Several noises like the installing of gas projectors. Would suggest that a special alertness for gas be maintained.

"Hostile Patrols. No hostile patrols were encountered though several were heard passing in the rear of the shell crater occupied. Owing to shortage of men and ammunition your patrol did not take the offensive.

"Flares. Twenty-seven flares were shot up; four of these failed. Highest reached an elevation estimated at two hundred feet.

"Remarks. As the enemy has wired himself in great strength and in strongly entrenched as well as having superior numbers in forward positions, would suggest that any movement against him in this area would only meet with disaster. Would point out that patrols run great risks advancing near the enemy wire, as cover is very slight. Maxim machine guns seem placed at every ten feet along trench. men were heard bringing minnie-wefer shell to gun position."

The sergeant re-read the entire report and then, with his stubby

pencil, did some crude editing. His corrections made sad work of the neatly-written report, but Johnson did not seem to mind. He was back twenty minutes later with the revised edition. Buck passed it in to the sergeant-major and went to his blankets with a happy heart and dreamt through rat-haunted hours of his assistant publishing an eight-page "Trench Daily" with flaring four-inch headlines.

All went well for several tours. Sergeant Buck became the most successful patrol leader in the battalion. The reports he sent in were simply marvels. They were waited for as priceless treats and were passed along reverently from company to company. Other sergeants with like responsibilities tore their jerkins and swore that all was not according to Hoyle, that a dark-skinned gentleman was somewhere in the lumber dump. And then Buck was wounded. It happened during an evening strafe, just as he was to push out, with Johnson, toward an old cellar that had been reported as being used as a night post by the enemy.

Major Squibbs had bet "C" Company's captain that it was not occupied, placing his francs on the strength of information Buck had brought in that the old cellar was entirely surrounded—on the Hun side—by an impassable barrier of wire. When he heard that his sergeant was wounded he was dumfounded for the moment and then recalled that Private O. W. Johnson always accompanied Buck on his nightly expeditions forthwith he summoned the victim. "Johnson," he said curtly, "you know the cellar you were to watch to-night. Take another man and carry on with this patrol the same as the sergeant would have done."

"But—but, sir," protested Johnson. "I—I'm—"

"That is all," said Major Squibbs.

Johnson knew enough to go, and he chose Tommy Lark to go with him. Tommy was far from a husky fighter, but that was why Johnson chose him. Tommy was the only man he felt he could command during a crisis, and the only member of the platoon not imbued with foolhardy notions of what to do when close to the enemy.

They crawled through tangled grass and weeds, skirted old craters, crossed a slimy garden patch and circled a brick heap. Directly

to their right a dark blur showed the position of the cellar. It was not far from the Canadian Trench and had once been used as an outpost until Fritz developed an ugly trick of dropping fishtails into it. Wire, well-tangled and massed, protected the front and both flanks. Johnson was puzzled as to the best position for him to take. He decided at last that the safest spot would be under the wire itself. There he would not be seen by any enemy patrol. He beckoned Tommy on.

They found it exceedingly difficult to get under the wire, which was long-barbed and sagged to the sod itself. Johnson led the way, and long practice lent him skill. He managed to wriggle under the thickest portion of the half-moon and lay, breathing deeply, listening. There was no sound of Tommy!

The little fellow had tried to do the worm stunt at three different openings and had retreated with slight wounds after each attempt. Johnson, disgusted, had crawled from view, hoping his disappearance would spur the youngster to a more strenuous attempt. But Tommy had vanished. Had he fled back to the trench? Johnson dare not call, he knew how voices seemed to carry out in that void between the wires. Then, tramp tramp, tramp, tramp; his ear to the ground, he heard the thud of heavy feet. At least three men were coming straight toward him, toward the wire, coming from the enemy side. He tried to shrink into the earth, conscious of chills chasing up and down his spine, and wondered where Tommy was. Then he heard a guttural grunt, hands fumbling at the wire, enemy hands, not ten feet from where he lay. What happened next happened so suddenly and unexpectedly that he could not move or cry out. The wire above him was simply swept back and away, leaving him naked to German eyes.

Johnson was frozen, paralyzed with fright. He lay rigid, unmoving hardly breathing, and three big Huns tramped past him to jump down into the cellar. Then, with a slight rasping, grating noise, the ten-foot roll of wire was pushed back into place. It pricked Johnson severely, spearing him in a dozen tender places, caught at his tunic collar, hitched his equipment up on his shoulders, pulled his tunic up after it. Yet he did not gasp

LET US CALL for that Suit or Overcoat.

Prices for Dry Cleaning

Suits	-	-	-	-	\$1.50
Overcoats	-	-	-	-	\$1.50
Hats	-	-	-	-	.75
Suits or Overcoat sponged or pressed	-	-	-	-	.50

24 hours' service.

Troy Laundry,
Tel. 29, **Iberville.**
See our signs on our Trucks.

or cry out. Not until the Huns had their gun in place and were calmly sweeping the Canadian parapet with bullets did he essay to move—and found out that he could not.

The Germans, cunning in all tricks of war, had cut the wire so as to have a movable section. This they manipulated by ropes that ran around set iron stakes, the ropes being hidden in the grass. As they approached they pulled the ropes and the wire rolled back over an entrance to the cellar. Once in they snagged it back into place, and no patrol had discovered the trickery. Johnson wiggled slightly, tried to free himself, worked an arm free from barbs, got his collar tugged loose. Then he became still as if petrified. Perspiration ran down his hide. When coming out he had placed a Mills bomb in each pocket of his tunic, had carried one in his hand, and had thrust another in one of his hip pockets. The wire had dragged his tunic over his back. Then a long barb, with devilish luck, had hooked itself through the ring of the safety pin of the grenade in the hip pocket. If he moved forward or backward, in any way, the pin would be with-

drawn and he, unable to make a gateway, would meet a sudden and gory end.

Johnson's brain revolved like a squirrel on a trick bar. He sweat and chilled alternately. For, if he did not move, the wire would be moved when the Germans thought it time to retire, and results would be just as fatal. His only hope seemed to be to call out, but—the Germans could not understand him, and would yank the wire back. Such a position was never devised elsewhere on the western front. In his company the old hands all have different ideas of what Johnson thought and did during the three hours he lay imprisoned in his torture chamber. Some assert that he fainted continually and thus passed the time, others claim that he suffered a seizure of some sort—which was true to a barb—and the majority believe that he was conscious every second of the time and lived a life time in three hours. They point out the after effects. For Johnson was never the same man.

At any rate he was very much alive to the situation when Fritz, Otto, and Hans decided to call it a

a night. They gave a healthy tug on the ropes and the wire rolled back, taking with it the bomb from Johnson's pocket. As the roll turned over the weight of the grenade, or possibly the tug it had as it was loosed, freed the pin. If this was fiction I should write that the Mills packet wiped out the three Huns and Johnson carried in the Maxim as his trophy. The plain truth was that the bomb did as his trophy. The plain truth was that the bomb did not cause any sudden deaths. It probably gave the German trio the surprise of their career, and possibly one of the fragments—how many did instructors state there were in one grenade—embedded itself in Hunnish anatomy. One thing—they did not recover from surprise in time to prevent Johnson from getting to his feet and sprinting homeward like a phantom of the night. He had one more fright on the way. As he passed a crater Tommy shot up out of it and paced him to the Canadian wire. The little chap had heard the Huns coming and suddenly made a move on his own to a deep shell hole, there to await events.

After a stiff "issue" Johnson was led to his dugout to write his report. He commenced:

"Private Oliver Wendell Johnson and Private Lark proceeded on listening patrol at 10 p.m. They left trench at cross section of Bull Trench and Eggshell Sap, going forty yards before turning east. The patrol here separated, Private Lark retreating to safety of a large shell hole in rear. Private Oliver Wendell Johnson proceeded alone to within yards of German trench and then concealed himself under wire about old cellar suspected as German post. Shortly a patrol of ten large and determined Berlin Guardsmen advanced...."

They found him collapsed on the bench. He was sent to hospital, suffering from nervous attack. He never came back. A year or so after the war he was cook's helper with a road construction crew, and at night entertained the boys with the tale of the night he was surrounded by a desperate gang of German raiders, forty or fifty of them, at a cellar—with wire overhead.

Bran Mash.

Thorn in the Flesh

Mohammed Paslu El Bassal is chief of the Bedouin tribes in Egypt and an important factor in rifling the country.

O.K. By Her

"Did you know, dear that tunnel we just passed through was two miles long and cost \$12,000,000?" said the young man to his sweetheart.

"Oh, really, did it?" she replied, as she started to rearrange her disheveled hair. "Well, it was worth it, wasn't it?"

Filial Sacrifice

"Dear Lord," prayed the coed, "I don't ask anything for myself—just give mother a son in law."

Bravv, Grandppp!

Mrs. W.—, the baby, and the grandfather are doing well.—

Sgt: "What's the first thing you do when cleaning your rifle?"

Tpr: "Look at the number, Sergeant."

Sgt: "What for?"

Tpr: "To make sure I don't clean someone else's!"

The Hungarian National Derby was won this year by a 3-year-old plow

horse named Rabalo. The steed, condemned and sold a few months ago by his former owner for \$70, captured the \$10,000 prize against a field of 27 of the country's thoroughbreds.

That Hollywood comedian accused of choking his wife may just have been trying out a new gag.

In fishing for a husband, it isn't every woman who can tell a nibble from a bite.

A man was sentenced last week for stealing half a ton of scrap-iron. It is not known whether the crime was premeditated, but was certainly not done in a weak moment.

"Mr. Smith, can you tell me where the Augarten Bridge is?"

How did you know my name was Smith?"

"I guessed it."

"Then guess where the Augarten Bridge is."

The place for the knocker is outside the gate.

TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

It is well to be benevolent and to seek out the needy and distressed and relieve their necessities. This is indeed a true spirit of Christmas.



Quality
makes **Export Ale**
the "Daddy" of them all

There's no substitute for quality! The triumph of Frontenac Export Ale proves that! Its aged, rugged strength, sparkling life and sturdy body is bringing new joy to thousands.

Unsurpassable! Unrivaled!

Frontenac
Export Ale
INDIA PALE



English Ale
at its Best

LIFE!
VIGOR!



SPARKLING ENERGY!

EXPORT! An ale to be thankful for!
Rich in life and body! Welcomed everywhere - For What's In It!



Frontenac
Export Ale
INDIA PALE